

10.

# CARMEN MEMORIALE, OR A MEMORIAL

TO KEEP UNSPOTTED TO POSTERITY, THE NAME AND MEMORY  
of Colonel *THOMAS RAINSBOROUGH*, A truly Valiant and most Faithful Servant of His Countrey.

**T**Hough in thy Death (*Brave Rainsborough*) the blow  
Wasleuell'd at our Freedoms overthrow,  
And the Assassins did hope in Thee,  
To stab our Cause, and murder Liberty;

(Since under God, thy Valiant Arme did stand  
In the first Rank, a pillar of the Land)  
Yet let their still mistaking malice know  
Truths sons are numerous grown, from whom doth flow  
A lasting Race, which the conjoynd hate  
Of differing Tyrants, ne'er can ruinate.  
Thy blood's the seed of Freemen, and will be  
Fertile as Martyrs, every Sun shall see  
New Champions spring, whose native valours shall  
Take a new life from thy memorial.  
Thou hast taught the world, a good name to prefer  
Before a great, to seem the same they are:  
To use no cloven Tongue, no double Face,  
Whence Traytors credit gain, and Flatterers place,  
To hate the rank corruptions of the times,  
Pride, wild Ambition, Avarice, Bribery; Crimes  
That like devouring Caterpillars, suck  
The People dry, and from their forc'd wants, pluck  
The little remnant of their wasted store;  
'Gainst these thy honest heart just anger bore,  
As being the abused Peoples greatest Foes,  
And secret Authors of our present woes.  
Hence rise the Cloud that darkned thy respect;  
'Tis crime become the guilty to detect:  
Grace and Regard are gain'd by flattery,  
By fawning Courtship, base Servility.  
Who will not bend, must fall; Guilt has the Chair,  
And sits on Innocence: The Wolf, the Bear,  
The Fox, and ravenous Tyger bear the sway,  
All crafty, fierce and greedy, Beasts of Prey.  
Now thou art gone the Tyrants will expect  
To meet no check, and boldly dare erect  
Their griping Talons, void of all controul;  
Yet let them know, though thou art dead, thy soul  
Is still diffus'd 'mongst thy surviving friends.  
Man may to th' earth, but vertue never ends.  
Thou diedst its great example; and must be  
The Souldiers pattern to posterity:  
No harsh complaints from the abused poor  
Did break thy sleeps, or wait thee at thy dore;  
No Widows dog'd thee for their Husbands pay;  
The Countrey cannot curse thy pride, or say  
Thou e'er grew'st great by their Necessities,  
Who wast their Guard in all Adversities.



Peace was thy aim, thy captiv'd Countries need  
Unsheath'd thy sword, whose Laws thou first sawst bleed,  
Whose wounds cry'd, help, by wretchless Tyrants made,  
"War is Laws execution, not a trade.  
And in thy Countries cause, like one inspir'd  
With noble Fury, thy brave soul was fir'd:  
No danger made the bate, no trains though laid  
With subtlest Art, have e'er thy faith betray'd;  
Honour and Gold, the worldlings gods, have still  
Bin kept subjected captives to thy Will.  
Those whom thy Sword did conquer, thou didst aim  
By love and fair demeanour to reclaim,  
Judging it far more noble to subdue  
Vices, than men; as generous Spirits should do.  
Thy Souldiers found thee mild, not swel'd with pride  
As with Command or Honour Deifi'd,  
Strict 'gainst their vices, to restrain the loose  
And riotous, from offering abuse  
To Countrymen, for whom an open ear  
Thou ever hadst, all their complaints to hear;  
Yet might thy Souldiers meet, without the fears  
Of being stil'd a pack of mutineers:  
Thou joy'dst to see their publike Spirits bent  
To think of Peace, in a good Government:  
Which shew'd you not an Hireling, that for pay  
Followed the Camp, or for your hopes of prey:  
But Justice servant, member of a State,  
Concern'd in all its Right, who did await  
For all its dangers, and the large Expence  
Of blood and wealth, to see some recompence  
By a well settled frame, where every yoke  
Should be removed, and every fetter broke:  
Where Vice should have its reins, and stand in aw,  
Where great bad men should be restrain'd by Law;  
Where Right should rule, and Tyrants not maintain  
By Force and Combination their Raigne:  
Where Laws to all should bear alike respect,  
The guilty punish, and the good protect.  
These were the Golden dayes our dead Friend thought  
His wounds and many hardships should have wrought:  
And such they still may work, mean time in peace,  
Rest may thy dust, till the Suns course shall cease,  
And an Angelike Quire shall say, Awake  
Brave soul, and now of heavenly joyes partake:  
So mayst thou rise, when thy wide wounds shall be  
Badges of Faith, Marks of Sincerity.

FINIS.

LONDON, Novemb. 1.<sup>st</sup>. 1648. Being the Day of his Funeral.